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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1769, and is now in its one hundred and forty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting news, editorials,社论, and general news, well selected, and very good, suitable for farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Columbus—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COUNTY WANTON, No. 3979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacLellan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss M. A. Sullivan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry H. Dayley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBROCK LODGE, No. 83, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REEDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Champion, Chancellor Commander; Robert B. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Ernest F. Gorlow, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 103—James Graham, chief; Alexander Gillett, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

A Merry Chase.

At a recent wedding in this city the bride and groom dodged their friends by a clever ruse and escaped the hilarious send-off that was awaiting them. The trick was carried out with the connivance of the best man and it seems probable that his services in a similar capacity will be in great demand among his as yet unmarried friends.

When the good-byes had been said at the reception the newly married couple came down the stairs and entered the waiting carriage. Instead of staying in it, however, they passed out the opposite door into another carriage that was drawn up beside it, while the best man and maid of honor drove off in the first and were closely followed by a number of guests in other carriages. The best man led a lively chase to the Forty Steps where he calmly stepped out of the carriage and "bumped" a cigar from his pursuers.

In the meantime the bride and groom took an agreeable ride to Bailey's Beach, where they were afterward joined by the best man and maid of honor and the four quietly jogged back to the house where the reception had been held. After the best man had spied out the land and found that the guests had departed the newly wedded couple strolled down and spent the night in their own home, leaving on the five o'clock train the following afternoon for a wedding trip.

Mrs. Clarence Stanhope has been elected president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the First M. E. Church to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Mrs. Alfred W. Chase, and Miss Alice C. Bauning was elected to Mrs. Stanhope's former position of treasurer. Mrs. Harriet E. Bauning was elected president emeritus.

Mr. Benjamin M. Greene died at his home in Providence after a long illness. He was a brother of Mr. Jere L. Greene of this city and was well known here. A widow and a daughter survive him.

The battleship Rhode Island is to have the honor of taking President Roosevelt to Panama. It is now at the Charlestown navy yard being prepared for the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Tibbets observed the 25th anniversary of their marriage at their home on Second street on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Taylor have been in New York the past week.

New Magazines.

The first number of *The Dragon*, the monthly magazine published by the students at St. George's school, has made its appearance for the school year of 1906-7, and is an unusually attractive little magazine. The printing was done at the MERCURY Office.

The Brunonian, the literary magazine of Brown University, is also printed at this office this year, as the management found that they could get better work at the same price in Newport than in Providence.

The White Dove, a newcomer in the literary field, whose headquarters are in Washington, is being printed at the MERCURY Office, the first number having made its appearance this month. This is an unique little publication dealing largely, in its first issue, with Newport subjects. It has a handsome deckle-edge cover and several half-tone illustrations.

During the past few months this office has turned out the municipal year books for the city of Newport, and the towns of Jamestown, Middletown, Portsmouth, New Shoreham, and North Kingstown, and the school reports for the same places with the exception of Jamestown.

In all these books and magazines not a serious error has been discovered.

Several Slight Fires.

There have been several alarms for fire during the past week but the damage has been slight in each instance, and sometimes nothing at all. Saturday evening about ten o'clock there was an alarm from Box 122 on the No. 2 engine house, but when the department responded there was no fire to be seen. It developed that a resident of Bridge street had been building a fire in a stove and the smoke alarmed the neighbors.

Sunday noon Box 46 was pulled for a slight fire on the roof of Q. J. Whitaker's house on East Bowery street. A spark from the chimney set fire to the shingles which were blazing briskly. The stream from Chemical Engine No. 2 was sufficient to extinguish the fire and the damage was confined to the loss of some shingles.

Box 46 was again rung Wednesday evening, calling the department to the residence of John H. Tozier on East Bowery street. A pile of rubbish near a shed was burning with a lively blaze, but the fire was practically extinguished by the neighbors before the apparatus arrived. There was no damage.

Drowned in the Harbor.

Hospital Apprentice Halverson of the torpedo boat destroyer *Truxton* was drowned in the upper harbor early Tuesday morning and a companion nearly lost his life at the same time.

The two men had been ashore for the evening and started to return to their vessel about three o'clock in the morning.

They took a small skiff at the foot of Willow street and tried to row out to the *Truxton* which was anchored near the Elm street pier. For some reason the skiff capsized and the men were thrown into the water. They called for help and their cries were heard on board the *Truxton* and a boat was sent to their aid. One of the men was found clinging to the skiff in an exhausted condition, and he was taken aboard the destroyer where he remained unconscious for several hours. The other man was not to be seen and he must have sunk almost immediately.

Divers from the Torpedo Station began a search for the body of the drowned man early Tuesday morning but were unsuccessful.

Halverson was about twenty-two years old and was popular among those who knew him.

Considerable interest is already well developed in the municipal election in December and a number of prospective candidates for various offices are circulating nomination papers for the signatures of their friends. The first paper to be filed at the office of the city clerk was that of John Mahan for alderman from the fifth ward. Other papers are in circulation and when they have received the proper number of signatures will be filed with the city clerk.

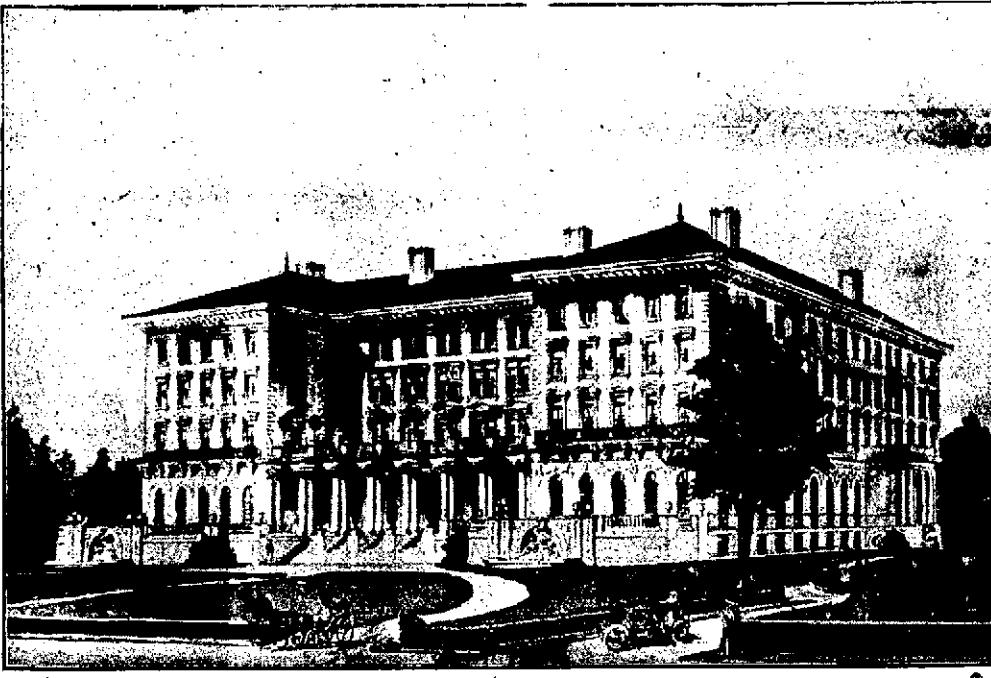
Mr. Hiram Murray died at his home on Spring street on Wednesday after a long illness. He had been a resident of Newport for over fifty years. At one time he ran a livery business and afterwards started the grain business on Ferry wharf. He is survived by two sons, Hiram J. Murray and Joshua L. Murray, and four daughters.

Beginning next Monday the night operators at the telephone exchange will be girls. The doors will be locked at six o'clock so anyone not a subscriber wishing to use the long distance service will have to visit a public pay station.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hazard Wilson have closed their cottage at Coddington Point.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hazard Wilson have been in New York the past week.

THE NEW SUMMER HOTEL TO BE BUILT IN THIS CITY.



We show to-day a picture of the new hotel to be built on Bellevue avenue, reproduced from the large painting that is on exhibition in the MERCURY window. The estimated cost of the structure, including land, buildings and furnishings, is \$50,000. This is a reasonable figure, not too large to be raised by the co-operation of Newport business men, and still large enough

to insure a splendid hotel suited to the needs of the people who visit Newport. Those who have had an opportunity to examine the floor plans, as drawn by Architect E. P. Whitman, pronounce them excellent, finely adapted for the accommodation of the best class of patronage.

Mr. Shepley and his associates are actively engaged in taking the preliminary

steps toward assuring the building of the hotel. A draft of a prospectus has been prepared and will soon be printed and distributed, setting forth the plan for organization and incorporation. The capital stock will be divided into small enough shares so that everyone will have an opportunity to become a stockholder in the hotel.

Democratic Convention.

There was a very lively Republican caucus in the town of Jamestown last Saturday afternoon, in which the regular candidates for the Legislature beat out the John J. Watson faction who were supposed to be working in the Colt interests. Inasmuch as a nomination in Jamestown is equivalent to an election much interest centered in the caucus. Moreover it was recognized that Jamestown was the only place in Newport County where the Colt party stood any possibility of securing a re-election. The convention went into executive session to prepare a ticket and upon re-assembling in open convention the nominations were made by City Solicitor J. Stacy Brown, seconded by ex-Mayor P. J. Boyle.

The ticket nominated was as follows:

Senator—William E. Mumford. First Representative—Jereimiah P. Mahoney. Second Representative—Dr. George D. Itasay. Third Representative—James J. Martin. Fourth Representative—Gilbert H. Burnham.

Mr. John Chadwick died in New York last Saturday in his ninety-third year. Since his retirement from business a few years ago, he had interested himself in collecting curios and pottery and had recently returned from a trip across the ocean, where he had purchased many valuable pieces. For a number of years he conducted a store on Bellevue avenue and was well known in Newport, where he had many warm, personal friends. Five children and thirteen grandchildren survive him.

Thames street is in somewhat dilapidated condition at present owing to the relaying of the gas pipes. The gong has got into the busiest part of the street and traffic is considerably delayed at times. The city paving gang is following the gas men as rapidly as possible but is some little distance behind them. It is expected that when the large mains are placed in position the gas service will be much improved.

The Rhode Island Library Association, of which Mr. Richard Bliss of this city is first vice president, has adopted resolutions in memory of the late Thomas B. Stockwell, for many years State commissioner of public schools.

Some of the best known names in the financial world are long since past their boyhood days. James R. Keene is 68 years old, J. Pierpont Morgan 69, Henry Clews 72, Jacob Schiff 59, Henry H. Rogers 67, William Rockefeller 65, John D. Rockefeller 67, Henry O. Havemeyer 60, James C. Hill 68 and Andrew Carnegie 69.

Work has been begun on grading the grounds of the Rogers High School and it is hoped that when it is finished the inflow of water into the cellar will be stopped. The school committee has charge of the work.

Thursday, October 25th, will be donation day at the Newport Hospital when all gifts for the benefit of the inmates will be welcomed.

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The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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Henry Holt and Company

CHAPTER VI.

WAS quite dazed for the moment. "A crowd of them in my room!" I repeated. "A crowd of whom, Mrs. Fitch?"

"A crowd of reporters! They've been worrying my life out. They seemed to think I had you hid somewhere. I hope you're not in trouble, Mr. Lester?"

"Not the least in the world, my dear madam," I laughed. And I breathed a long sigh of relief, for I had feared I knew not what disaster. "I'll soon finish with the reporters." And I went on up the stair.

Long before I reached my rooms I heard the clatter of voices and caught the odor of various qualities of tobacco. They were rolling about over the furniture, telling stories, I suppose, and they greeted me with cheer when I entered. They were such joyful fellows that it was quite impossible to feel angry with them. And, besides, I knew that they were gentlemen; that they labored early and late at meager salaries for the pure love of the work; that they were quick to scent fraud or trickery or unworthiness and inexorable in exposing it; that they loved to do good anonymously, remaining utterly unknown save to the appreciative few behind the scenes. So I returned their greeting smilingly and sat me down in a chair which one of them obligingly vacated for me.

"Well?" I began, looking about at them.

"My dear Mr. Lester," said the one who had given me the chair, "permit me to introduce myself as Rankin of the Planet. These gentlemen—and he included them in a wide gesture—"are my colleagues of the press. We've been anxiously awaiting you here in order that we may propound to you certain questions."

"All right; fire away," I said.

"First, we'd like to have your theory of the crime. Your work this afternoon convinced us that you know how to put two and two together, which is more than can be said for the ordinary mortal. The public will want to know your theory—the great public."

"Oh, but I haven't any theory," I protested. "Besides, I don't think the great public is especially interested in me. You see, gentlemen, I'm quite out of the case. When we cleared Miss Holladay our connection with it ended."

"But is Miss Holladay cleared?" he persisted. "Is it not quite conceivable that in those two hours she was absent



They greeted me with a cheer when I entered.

from her carriage she may have changed her gown, gone to her father's office, and then changed back again? In that case, would she not naturally have chosen a green gown, since she never wore green?"

"Oh, nonsense!" I cried. "That's puerile. Either she would disguise herself effectually or not at all. I suppose if you were going to commit a capital crime you would merely put on a high hat because you never wear one! I'll tell you this much: I'm morally certain that Miss Holladay is quite innocent; so, I believe, is the district attorney."

"But how about the note, Mr. Lester? What did it contain?"

"Oh, I can't tell you that, you know. It's none of my business."

"But you ought to treat us all alike," he protested.

"I do treat you all alike."

"But didn't Godfrey get it out of you?"

"Godfrey?" I repeated. "Get it out of me?"

He stared at me in astonishment.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Lester," he questioned, "that you haven't been spending the evening with Jim Godfrey of the Record?"

Then, in a flash, I understood, and as I looked at the rueful faces of the men gathered about me I laughed until the tears came.

"So it was you," I gasped, "who chased us up Broadway?"

He nodded.

"Yes, but our horses weren't good enough. Where did we take you?"

"To the Studio—Sixth avenue."

"Of course!" he cried, slapping his leg. "We might have known. Boys, we'd better go back to Podunk."

"Well, at least, Mr. Lester," spoke up another, "you oughtn't to give Godfrey a scoop."

"But I didn't give him a scoop. I didn't even know who he was."

" Didn't you tell him what was in the note?"

"Not a word of it. I told him only

one thing."

"And what was that?"

"That the person who wrote the note didn't know that Rogers was color blind. You are welcome to that statement too. You see, I'm treating you all alike."

They stood about me staring down at me, silent with astonishment.

"But," I added, "I think Godfrey suspected what was in the note."

"Why?"

"Well, his theory fits it pretty closely."

"His theory! What is his theory, Mr. Lester?"

"Oh, come," I laughed. "That's telling. It's a good theory too."

They looked at each other, and, I fancied, gnashed their teeth.

"He seems a pretty clever fellow," I added, just to pile up the agony. "I fancy you'll say so, too, when you see his theory in tomorrow's paper."

"Clever!" cried Rankin. "Why, he's a very friend of cleverness when it comes to a case of this kind. We're not in the same class with him. He's a fancy fellow—just the Record kind. You're sure you didn't tell him anything else, Mr. Lester?" he added anxiously. "Godfrey's capable of getting a story out of a fence post."

"No, I'm quite sure I didn't tell him anything else. I only listened to his theory with great interest."

"And assented to it?"

"I said I thought it plausible."

An electric shock seemed to run around the room.

"That's it!" cried Rankin. "That's what he wanted. Now, it isn't his theory any more. It's yours. Oh, I can see his headlines! Won't you tell us what it was?"

I looked up at him.

"Now, frankly, Mr. Rankin," I asked, "if you were in my place would you tell?"

He hesitated for a moment and then held out his hand.

"No," he said as I took it. "I shouldn't shake hands, sir; you're all right. Come on, boys; we might as well be going."

They filed out after him, and I heard them go singing up the street. Then I sank back into my chair and thought again of Godfrey's theory. It seemed to fit the case precisely, point by point—even—and I started at the thought—to Miss Holladay's reticence as to her whereabouts the afternoon before. The whole mystery lay plain before me. In some way she had discovered the existence of her half sister, had secured her address; she had gone to visit her and had found her away from home—it was probable, even, that the half sister had written her, asking her to come—though, in that case, why had she not remained at home to receive her? At any rate, Miss Holladay had awaited her return, had noticed her agitation; had, perhaps, even seen certain marks of blood upon her. The news of her father's death had pointed all too clearly to what that agitation and those blood spots meant. She had remained silent that she might not be smirched her father's name, and also, perhaps, that she might protect the other woman. I felt that I held in my hand the key to the whole problem.

Point by point—but what a smart it was! That there would be a vigorous search for the other woman I could not doubt, but she had a long start and should easily escape. Yet perhaps she had not started. She must have remained in town, else how could that note have been sent to us? She had remained, then—but why? That she should feel any affection for Frances Holladay seemed absurd, and yet how well how how explain the note?

I felt that I was getting tangled up in the snarl again. There seemed no limit to its intricacies; so, in very despair, I put the matter from me as completely as I could and went to bed.

The morning's Record attested the truth of Rankin's prophecy. I had grown famous in a night, for Godfrey had in a measure made me responsible for his theory, describing me with a wealth of adjectives which I blushed to remember and which I have even yet not quite forgiven him. I smiled as I read the first lines:

A Record representative had the pleasure yesterday evening of dining with Mr. Warwick Lester, the brilliant young attorney who achieved such a remarkable victory before Coroner Goldberg yesterday afternoon in the hearing of the Holladay case, and, of course, took occasion to discuss with him the latest developments of this extraordinary crime. Mr. Lester agreed with the Record in a theory which is the only one that fits the facts of the case and completely and satisfactorily explains all its ramifications.

The theory was then developed at great length, and the article concluded with the statement that the Record was assisting the police in a strenuous endeavor to find the guilty woman.

Now that the police knew in which quarter to spread their net, I had little doubt that she would soon be found, since she had tempted Providence by remaining in town.

Mr. Graham and Mr. Royce were looking through the Record article when I reached the office, and I explained to them how the alleged interview had been secured. They laughed together in appreciation of Godfrey's audacious enterprise.

"It seems a pretty strong theory," said our senior. "I'm inclined to believe it myself."

I pointed out how it explained Miss Holladay's reticence—her refusal to assist us in proving an alibi. Mr. Royce nodded.

"Precisely. As Godfrey said, the theory touches every point of the case. According to the old police axiom, that proves it's the right one."

"Well, at least, Mr. Lester," spoke up another, "you oughtn't to give Godfrey a scoop."

"But I didn't give him a scoop. I didn't even know who he was."

" Didn't you tell him what was in the note?"

"Not a word of it. I told him only

CHAPTER VII.

THE body of Miss Holladay was placed in his granite mausoleum at Woodlawn on the Sunday following his death. Two days later his will, which had been drawn up by Mr. Graham and deposited in the office safe, was read and duly admitted to probate. As was expected, he had left all his property, without condition or reserve, to his daughter Frances. There were a few bequests to old servants, Rogers receiving a handsome legacy; about half a million was given to various charities in which he had been interested during his life, and the remainder was placed at the absolute disposal of his daughter.

We found that his fortune had been overestimated, as is usually the case with men whose wealth depends upon the fluctuations of the Street, but there still remained something over four millions for the girl—a pretty dowry. She told us at once that she wished to leave her affairs in our hands and in financial matters would be guided entirely by our advice. Most of this business was conducted by our junior, and, while, of course, he told me nothing, it was evident that Miss Holladay's kindly feelings toward him had suffered no diminution. The whole office was more or less conversant with the affair and wished him success and happiness.

So a week or ten days passed. The utmost endeavor of newspapers and police had shed no new light on the tragedy, and for the great public it had passed into the background of the forgotten, but for me, at least, it remained of undiminished interest, and more than once I carefully reviewed its features to convince myself anew that our theory was the right one. Only one point occurred to me which would tend to prove it untrue—if there was an illegitimate daughter, the blow she had dealt her father had also deprived her of whatever income he had allowed her or of any hope of income from him; so she had acted in her own despite. Still, Godfrey's theory of sudden passion might explain this away. And then again Miss Holladay could probably be counted upon, her first grief past, to provide suitably for her sister. Grasping this, the theory seemed to me quite impregnable.

One other thing puzzled me—how had this woman eluded the police? I knew that the French quarter had been ransacked for traces of her, wholly without success, and yet I felt that the search must have been misconducted, else some trace of her would surely have been discovered. Miss Holladay, of course, rigidly refused herself to all inquirers, and here again I found myself on the horns of a dilemma. Doubtless she was very far from wishing the discovery of the guilty woman, and yet I felt that she must be discovered, if only for Miss Holladay's sake, in order to clear away the last vestige of the cloud that shadowed her.

Then came new developments with a startling rapidity. It was toward quitting time one afternoon that a clerk brought word into the inner office that there was a woman without who wished to see Mr. Royce at once. She had given no name, but our junior, who happened to be at leisure for the moment, directed that she be shown in. I recognized her in an instant, and so did he—it was Miss Holladay's maid. I saw, too, that her eyes were red with weeping, and as she sat down beside our junior's desk she began to cry afresh.

"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded. "Nothing wrong with your mistress?"

"She ain't my mistress any more," sobbed the girl. "She discharged me this afternoon."

"Discharged you!" echoed our junior. "Why, I thought she thought so much of you!"

"And so did I, sir, but she discharged me just the same."

"But what for?" persisted the other. "That's just what I don't know, sir. I begged and prayed her to tell me, but she wouldn't even see me. So I came down here. I thought maybe you could help me."

"Well, let me hear about it just as it happened," said Mr. Royce soothly. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Oh, if you could, sir!" she cried. "You know, I thought the world and all of Miss Frances. I've been with her nearly eight years, and for her to go and treat me like this—why, it just breaks my heart, sir! I dressed her this afternoon about 2 o'clock, and she was as nice to me as ever—gave me a little brooch, sir, that she was tired of. Then she went out for a drive, and about an hour ago came back. I went right up to her room to undress her, and when I knocked, sir, a strange woman came to the door and said that Miss Frances had engaged her for her maid and wouldn't need me any more, and here was a month's wages. And while I stood there, sir, too dazed to move, she shut the door in my face. After I'd got over it a bit, I begged that I might see Miss Frances, if only to say goodby, but she wouldn't see me. She sent word that she wasn't feeling well and wouldn't be disturbed."

"Her sobs mastered her again and she stopped. I could see the look of amazement on our junior's face, and did not wonder at it. What sudden dislike could her mistress have conceived against this innocent and devoted creature?

"You say this other maid was a stranger?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; she'd never been in the house before, so far as I know. Miss Frances brought her back with her in the carriage."

"And what sort of looking woman is she?"

The girl hesitated.

"She looked like a foreigner, sir," she said at last. "A Frenchwoman, maybe, by the way she rolls her r's."

I pricked up my ears. The same thought occurred at that instant to both Mr. Royce and myself.

"Does she resemble Miss Holladay?" he asked quickly.

"Miss Holladay? Oh, no, sir. She's much older—her hair's quite gray."

"Well, certainly, Miss Holladay had the right to choose my maid, she allowed and to discharge any or all of

her servants; and yet it seemed strangely unlike her to show such seeming injustice to any one.

"You say she sent word that she was ill?" said Mr. Royce at last. "Was she ill when you dismissed her?"

"Why, sir," she answered slowly. "I wouldn't exactly say she was ill, but she seemed troubled about something. I think she'd been crying. She's been crying a good deal, off and on, since her father died, poor thing," she added.

That would explain it, certainly, and yet grief for her father might not be the only cause of Frances Holladay's tears.

"But she didn't seem vexed with you?"

"Oh, no, sir; she gave me a brooch, as I told you."

"I fear I can't promise you anything," said Mr. Royce slowly, after a moment's thought. "Of course it's none of my business, for Miss Holladay must arrange her household to suit herself; yet, if you don't get back with your old mistress, I may perhaps be able to find you a position somewhere else. Suppose you come back in three or four days, and I'll see what I can do!"

"All right, sir, and thank you," she said, and left the office.

I had some work of my own to keep me busy that night, so devoted no thought to Frances Holladay and her affairs, but they were recalled to me with renewed force next morning.

"Did you get Miss Holladay's signature to that conveyance?" Mr. Royce asked me.

"No, sir," answered Mr. Royce, with just a trace of embarrassment. "I called at the house last night, but she sent down word that she was too ill to see me or to transact any business."

"Nothing serious, I hope?" asked the other quickly.

"No, sir. I think not. Just a trace of nervousness, probably."

But when he called again at the house that evening he received a similar message, supplemented with the news imparted by the butler, a servant of many years' standing in the family, that Miss Holladay had suddenly decided to leave the city and open her country place on Long Island. It was only the end of March, and so a full two months and more ahead of the season. But she was feeling very ill, was not able to leave her room, indeed, and believed the fresh air and quiet of the country would do more than anything else to restore her shattered nerves. So the whole household, with the exception of her maid, a cookhouse girl and underbutler, were to leave the city next day in order to get the country house ready at once.

IMPORTANCE OF SPEED.

A GREAT FACTOR IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

In these days of rapid progress, one of the most important factors in business and science; in transportation; in sports and in fact almost everything is speed.

Speed is also an important factor in the curative powers of medicine, and it has been proven by an avalanche of testimonial, that the greatest remedy for speed and rapidity in relieving and curing diseases of the kidneys and bladder, blood, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and chronic constipation, is DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

The speed of this wonderful discovery for diseases of the kidneys and bladder, is not so rapid as to injure and interfere with the other healthy organs of the body; but rather of a gradual uniform speed, consistent with the best results.

If your back pains you; if your urine, after you have deposited some gallus, and let it stand for 24 hours, has a smoky, milky appearance; if you have a frequent desire to urinate during the night and scalding pains accompany its passage, your kidneys and bladder require instant treatment, by taking DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Favorite Remedy.

The startling results of this renowned remedy, in relieving and curing diseases of the kidneys and bladder have amazed the whole medical world.

Druggists sell it in **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottles—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rosedale, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Worm Syrup, most effective medicine of the kind known. Sc. Druggists

THE HOLLADAY CASE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

ness. Then she leaned back with a sigh of relief and buried her face in her hands. Mr. Royce placed the receipt in his pocketbook and stopped, hesitating. But the maid had opened the door and was awaiting us. Her mistress made no sign; there was no excuse to linger. We turned and followed the maid.

"Miss Holladay seems very ill," said Mr. Royce in a voice somewhat tremulous as she paused before us in the lower hall.

"Yes, sir; very ill."

Again, the voice! I took advantage of the chance to look at her intently. Her hair was turning gray, certainly; her face was seamed with lines which only care and poverty could have given there, and yet, beneath it all, I fancied I could detect a faded but living likeness to Hiram Holladay's daughter. I looked again—it was faint, uncertain—perhaps my nerves were overwrought and were deceiving me. For how could such a likeness possibly exist?

"She has a physician, of course?" asked my companion.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"He has advised rest and quiet?"

"Yes, sir."

"When do you leave for the country?"

"Tomorrow or the next day after that, I think, sir."

He turned to the door and then paused, hesitating. He opened his lips to say something more—his anxiety was clamoring for utterance—then he changed his mind and stepped outside as she held the door open.

"Good day," he said, with stern repression. "I wish her a pleasant journey."

But Mr. Royce made an instant gesture of repugnance.

"Oh, that's absurd!" he cried. "We have no possible reason to take such action. It would offend her mortally."

"No doubt," assented the other. "So I fear that at present nothing can be done. Things will just have to take their course till something more decided happens."

"There's no tendency to mental disease in the family?" inquired Mr. Royce after a moment.

"Not the slightest," said the doctor emphatically. "Her father and mother were both sound and well balanced. I know the history of the family through three generations, and there's no hint of any taint. Twenty-five years ago Holladay, who was then just working to the top in Wall street, drove himself too hard—it was when the market went all to pieces over that Central Pacific deal—and had a touch of apoplexy. It was just a touch, but I made him take a long vacation, which he spent abroad with his wife. It was then, by the way, that his daughter was born. Since then he has been careful, and has never been bothered with a recurrence of the trouble—in fact, that's the only illness in the least serious I ever knew him to have."

There was nothing more to be said, and we turned to go.

"If there are any further developments," added the doctor as he opened the door, "will you let me know? You may count upon me if I can be of any assistance."

"Certainly," answered our junior. "You're very kind, sir," and we went back to our car.

The week that followed was a perplexing one for me and a miserable one for Royce. As I know now, he had written her half a dozen times and had received not a single word of answer. For myself, I had discovered one more development of the mystery. On the day following the delivery of the money I had glanced, as usual, through the financial column of my paper as I rode home on the car, and one item had attracted my attention. The brokerage firm of Swift & Currer had that day presented at the subtreasury the sum of \$100,000 in currency for conversion into gold. An inquiry at their office next morning elicited the fact that the exchange had been effected for the account of Miss Frances Holladay. It was done, of course, that the recipient of the money might remain beyond trace of the police.

There was nothing more to be said, and we turned to go.

"If there are any further developments," added the doctor as he opened the door, "will you let me know? You may count upon me if I can be of any assistance."

"She's your patient, isn't she? I thought you were the family doctor."

"So I am," assented the other. "But I haven't seen Miss Holladay for ten days or two weeks. At that time she seemed quite well—a little nervous, perhaps, and worried, but certainly not requiring medical attention. She has always been unusually robust."

Mr. Royce stopped, perplexed. As for me, my head was in whirl again.

"I'll tell you the story," he said at last. "I should like the benefit of your advice." And he recounted rapidly the facts of Miss Holladay's illness, in so far as he knew them, ending with an account of our recent visit and the statement of the maid that her mistress was under a doctor's care. Jenkinsen heard him to the end without interrupting, but he was plainly puzzled and annoyed.

"And you say she looked very ill?" he asked.

"Oh, very ill, sir; alarmingly ill, to my unpracticed eyes. She seemed thin and worn. She could scarcely talk, she had such a cough. I hardly knew her."

Again the doctor paused to consider. He was a very famous doctor, with many very famous patients, and I could see that this case piqued him; that another physician should have been preferred!

"Of course, Mr. Royce," he said finally, "Miss Holladay was perfectly free to choose another physician if she thought best."

"But would you have thought it probable?" queried our junior.

"Ten minutes ago I should have thought it extremely improbable," answered the doctor emphatically. "Still, women are sometimes erratic, as we doctors know to our sorrow."

Mr. Royce hesitated and then took the ball by the horns.

"Dr. Jenkinsen," he began earnestly, "don't you think it would be wise to see Miss Holladay—you know how her father trusted you and relied on you—and assure yourself that she's in good hands? I confess I don't know what to think, but I fear some danger is hanging over her. Perhaps she may even have fallen into the hands of the faith curists."

Jenkinsen smiled.

"The advice to seek rest and quiet seems sane enough," he said, "and utterly unlike any that a faith curist would give."

"But still, if you could see for yourself," persisted Mr. Royce.

The doctor hesitated, drumming with his fingers upon the arm of his chair.

"Such a course would be somewhat unprofessional," he said at last. "Still I might call in a merely social way. My interest in the family would, I think, excuse me."

Mr. Royce's face brightened, and he caught the doctor's hand.

"Thank you, sir," he said warmly.

"It will lift a great anxiety from the firm, and I may add, from me personally."

The doctor laughed good naturedly.

"I knew that, of course," he said. "We doctors hear all the gossip going."

"I might add that I was glad to hear this bit. If you'll wait for me here, I'll go at once."

We instantly assented, and he called his carriage and was driven away. I felt that at last we were to see behind one corner of the curtain—perhaps one glimpse would be enough to penetrate the mystery. But in half an hour he was back again, and a glance at his face told me that we were again destined to disappointment.

European Marmots.

European marmots remain dormant during the winter. Before becoming torpid they carefully cement the entrance to their dwelling.

Northwestern Ohio.

Northwestern Ohio, south of the counties bordering on Lake Erie, had a late slow start in industrial development and in population. The Indians were in possession long after they departed from the rest of the state. The forest was dense, and the land was hard to clear. Transportation facilities were poor.

THE HOLLADAY CASE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"I sent up my card," he reported briefly, "and Miss Holladay sent down word that she must beg to be excused." Mr. Royce's face fell.

"And that was all?" he asked.

"That was all. Of course there was nothing for me to do but come away. I couldn't insist on seeing her."

"No," assented the other; "no. How do you explain it, doctor?"

Jenkinsen sat down and for a moment studied the pattern of the carpet.

"Frankly, Mr. Royce," he said at last, "I don't know how to explain it. The most probable explanation is that Miss Holladay is suffering from some form of dementia, perhaps only acute primary dementia, which is usually merely temporary, but which may easily grow serious and even become permanent."

The theory had occurred to me, and I saw from the expression of Mr. Royce's face that he also had thought of it.

"Is there no way that we can make sure?" he asked. "She may need to be saved herself."

"She may need it very badly," agreed the doctor, nodding. "Yet she is of legal age and absolute mistress of her actions. There are no relatives to interfere, no intimate friends even that I know of. I see no way unless you, as her legal adviser, apply to the authorities for an inquest of insanity."

"She has a physician, of course?" asked my companion.

"Oh, yes, sir."

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Established by Franklin in 1764.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181 Home Telephone 1040

Saturday, October 20, 1906.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR:
GEORGE H. UTTER,
of Westerly.FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
FREDERICK H. JACKSON,
of Providence.FOR SECRETARY OF STATE:
CHARLES P. BENNETT,
of Providence.FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL:
WILLIAM B. GREENOUGH,
of Providence.FOR GENERAL TREASURER:
WALTER A. READ,
of Gloucester.GENERAL ASSEMBLY.
FOR SENATOR:
JOHN P. SANBORN.FOR FIRST REPRESENTATIVE:
HORACE N. HASSARD.FOR SECOND REPRESENTATIVE:
ROBERT S. BURLINGAME.FOR THIRD REPRESENTATIVE:
ROBERT S. FRANLIN.FOR FOURTH REPRESENTATIVE:
CLARK BURDICK.

In order to vote for the re-election of United States Senator Geo. Peabody Wetmore, it will be necessary to vote for the above Assembly ticket.

Taft as a Presidential possibility has advanced several degrees since his masterly handling of that little Cuban master.

A few weeks ago the cry was only Roosevelt can beat Bryan in 1908. Now the opinion is "any old thing" can do it. Still the demand for Roosevelt is just as loud as ever.

Scarcely a paper in the entire State of New York, outside of Hearst's own, can be found supporting that gentleman for the governorship. In Massachusetts Moran is practically in the same box.

General Prosperity.

The best criterion of the general prosperity of the country is the scarcity of labor from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

This cry comes from the mills, the mines, railroads and the farms and in the face of the highest wages ever paid in this country for all classes of work.

Leading mill interests in New England say that they have sold the product of their mills in many cases up to next July and they are afraid they will be unable to meet all their contracts because of the labor scarcity. In some mills looms are idle, and many mills have runners out seeking operatives.

In Connecticut some of the large brass manufacturing interests say that their orders make it necessary to operate their works 22 hours per day, but that in many cases they are prevented from doing this because they cannot get the men to work the night shift.

In Pittsburg the scarcity of labor is acute at the iron, steel, and coke works and it is said that 15,000 to 25,000 laborers could find immediate employment there.

In the leading mining camps the output of copper is being restricted from this cause. The mines are expecting some benefit, however, after the harvesting of the crops, as many men leave the mines for the farms with the advance of spring and return to the mines in the winter.

Throughout the West there has been an unusual scarcity of harvest labor this year.

In Utah some of the smelters have been obliged to shut down because of the coal scarcity, due in turn to the scarcity of labor to operate the coal mines to meet the demand.

At all the immigrant stations employment agents are offering all kinds of inducements to get unskilled labor to go into the mills and factories.

Labor fully employed at high wages in all sections of the country is an important factor in the consuming demand which makes for prosperity.

All of which is attributable to the wise policy of the Republican party in establishing protection for home industry, thus furnishing a home market for goods and labor. The country, as a whole, has never been so prosperous as it is at the present time. But the Hearst orators, the Moran orators and the clamant howlers generally would have us believe that the country is going to destruction, that the consumer is being robbed and the laboring man is down-trodden.

From Hearst to worst is the Hughes and cry of the Republican New York.—Boston Herald.

If any thing can be worse than the above put we beg to be delivered from seeing or reading it.

Last week the good people of New York, outside of Hearst's own, can be found supporting that gentleman for the governorship. In Massachusetts Moran is practically in the same box.

There seems to be a pretty unanimous opinion in Newport that every good citizen who has the love of the city at heart, whether he be a Republican or Democrat, should vote for the re-election of Senator Wetmore. Why not make it unanimous?

Ex-Governor Garvin is still unhappy. He is running for Congress in the Second District, and for fear the people won't know it he wants Congressman Capron to advertise him by entering into a public discussion with him. The Congressman declines to waste his time that way. Hence these tears.

The United States, thanks to the wise management of the Republican party, has become the largest exporting nation of the world. Gov. Lippitt in his address the other night very wisely said: "Exports are more important to a nation than imports. It is easy to buy, but it is a very different thing to so fashion your wares that you will always be able to sell." Our Democratic friends tell us the protective tariff builds a Chinese wall around this country, keeping us out of the markets of the world. But when our surplus exports reach the magnificent sum of twelve billions of dollars, it would seem as though that Chinese wall must have several gaps in it.

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REPORT ON CUBA

Taft Places Facts in Possession of President

RESULTS OF THE MISSION

Difficult and Dangerous Situation Successfully Handled—Uncertainty as to Length of American Occupation

Washington, Oct. 19.—President Roosevelt had a long conference with Secretary of War Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, who made a full report of all that occurred in Cuba since the United States government intervened.

The condition of affairs in the island and the views of the officials as to the future were taken up with a view to a thorough understanding of the situation by the president. The method of the intervention also was talked of and the question of appointment of a fiscal agent for the United States in Cuba discussed. It is expected that some responsible banking institution will be selected for this purpose. Neither the president nor those who conferred with him were willing to make more than a general statement regarding the conference.

Speaking generally of the results of his mission to Cuba and the prospects for the political future of that island, Secretary Taft said that success had been attained, in one important point at least, namely, the fighting had been stopped and he did not believe that it would be renewed even after the withdrawal of the American forces. It had been a difficult and dangerous situation for a time, as the commission had to deal with an undisciplined force of perhaps 20,000 men under arms and scattered about the island, making it difficult to reach them. It was the real purpose of summoning General Funston to Cuba to assist in this work, for which he was peculiarly qualified.

Secretary Taft said that General Bell understood the methods of doing business with such people so thoroughly that the secretary felt he was the best representative he could have in Cuba at present. The secretary hoped to recall Bell in the course of a month or two. The report that General Pershing would succeed in command of the American forces in Cuba was erroneous, according to Taft, as the command was too large for a junior among the brigadier generals.

When the question of the length of time of American stay in Cuba was brought up, Taft said it was not possible now to make any prediction. When the bad feelings stirred up by the revolution had subsided and there was ample assurance that elections could be held without violence, and with fair dealing on all sides and with a disposition to abide loyally by the results, then, and not before, would the retirement of the American forces be in order. Certainly they would not retire before the elections. In answer to the question as how long it would take to install the new government after the election, the secretary said he believed three or four weeks would suffice.

Relative to the disposition of the military and naval forces in Cuba, he said there was a force there now of about 2,000 marines and all but about 400 or 500 were to be withdrawn. As the marines were called away they would be replaced by troops and the number of these, originally fixed at 5,000 men, would probably be increased to about 7,000. The secretary declined to state what proportion of the expense of this army would be charged against the Cuban revenues, but said that matter would be treated in a special order.

There was no longer need for maintaining a naval force of any amount in Cuban waters, so he had recommended to the president, who had approved the suggestion, that all of the warships now there be withdrawn, with the exception of two or three of the small gunboats. The necessary orders to this effect were given out at once. The army transport service, however, will be maintained.

Dog's Bite Causes Death

Greenfield, Mass., Oct. 17.—Mrs. A. W. Esleek, aged 56, died here last night of hydrocephalus. Some weeks ago Mrs. Esleek was bitten in the lower lip by a small dog. The wound was so slight that it was not cauterized. On Saturday last, for the first time since she was bitten, Mrs. Esleek's wound began to trouble her and she rapidly grew worse. Her husband is a textile manufacturer.

Guilty of Intent to Murder

Boston, Oct. 16.—Mrs. Jennie C. Long listened without emotion to a verdict of guilty which a Suffolk county jury returned against her husband, Robert H. Long, charged with assault with intent to murder her at their home in Chelsea. Long will be sentenced later. After Long had attempted to kill his wife he tried to end his own life.

Moose Hunting Season Begins

Bangor, Me., Oct. 15.—Many hunters of big game have arrived at northern Maine camps. The open season for moose begins at midnight Sunday, and continues until Dec. 1. The present conditions are regarded as somewhat unfavorable for hunting, because of the density of the foliage on the trees.

Wood Indicted For Murder

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 17.—Harry L. Wood of Winchendon was indicted for the murder of Mrs. Alice M. Wood, Oct. 11, by the grand jury yesterday. He will be arraigned Monday.

Checkers Player Barker's Fault

Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 17.—Charles F. Barker of Lowell, the checker player, played a simultaneous game here last night against 24 of the best players from neighboring cities. Not one of the 24 players won. Six were credited with draws, while the other 18 were defeated by Barker.

TICKET RATIFIED

Great Crowd Hears Moran Enunciate His Principles

A KNOCK AT "REGULARS"

Douglas and Quincy Both Are Scored Along With Republicans—Candidate Faints as He Completes His Address

Boston, Oct. 17.—The Democratic state ticket, headed by John B. Moran, who a year ago was elected district attorney of Suffolk county, was ratified last night by a gathering that so far exceeded the limits of Faneuil hall that two overflow meetings were necessary, and these were held in the streets and among the market wagons. Messrs. Moran and Williams occupied most of the time, the former speaking for 55 minutes and the latter for 45. Each dealt with the Republican party and its leaders in Massachusetts in no uncertain terms. At the close of his speech Moran had a fainting attack.

In his address Moran took up the principal planks of the Republican and Democratic state platforms and in doing so criticised the acts of the Republican governor, the legislature and the party leaders, and did not spare two leaders of his own party, former Governor Douglas and Josiah Quincy, former chairman of the Democratic state committee.

Of the former he said that, while Douglas was traveling in the west for his health, he nevertheless seemed ready to return in case he (Moran) should withdraw. On Quincy he said that he should either bolt the ticket or come out openly and speak for it, and then, turning to Mayor Fitzgerald, the presiding officer, Moran said, "And I ask you, Mr. Mayor, to excuse him from the duties of the job which you have just given him so that he can do so."

Mr. Moran spoke in favor of punishment of monopoly by imprisonment, of a new law governing abortion, making the district attorney the defending counsel in divorce cases, to the release without trial of persons charged with misdemeanors, of making lobbying a crime, giving the district attorney power in cases of insanity and limiting the expenditure of money by campaign committees. He criticised, as did several other speakers before him, the action of Governor Guild in appointing President Dunn of the senate as Judge of the superior court.

In closing, Moran said that he had promised to speak any time this week and during the next if he was able. "You have heard my policies and doctrines. There is not one of them that is unjust or dangerous. I am not a Cossack, but only an American citizen appealing to your reason and not to your passion."

Mr. Moran reeled as he uttered his last words and Mayor Fitzgerald and G. F. Williams caught him as he seemed about to fall. They placed him in a chair and for some seconds he seemed unconscious. He revived, however.

Mr. Williams criticised Governor Guild's statement that liberty had become a license and said that license had been given to certain persons to prey upon the people. He denied Guild's statement that the state had been well governed and endeavored to show by reference to the action of the legislature on the overtime bill, the appointment of President Dunn of the senate to the superior court bench, the failure to give district attorneys more power to prosecute offenders, the creation of the lobby and several other matters that the government of the state by the Republican party had not been a success.

"I have conceived of a governor who will drive lobbyists from the state house and I have conceived of a legislature who cannot be bought," he said. "We are beginning now to bring that kind of a government to Massachusetts, and our candidate is accepted by all Democrats and by great many others who believe that he will be the wedge that will split the log of corruption."

In closing Mr. Williams said: "We have found an honest man. Everyone laughed when he was elected district attorney, now he is a candidate for governor. He is the first politician that ever made good on his promises."

Mayor Fitzgerald was the only speaker who mentioned the name of William J. Bryan or William R. Hearst. The former was cheered slightly, while there was no response at the mention of Hearst's name.

When Moran came out of the hall he found a crowd of more than 1,000 awaiting him. He paused long enough to tell the crowd that he would not be able to speak and thanked them for their warm greeting. He was assisted into a carriage and driven to his hotel.

Carey Asks For Public Debate

Boston, Oct. 17.—James F. Carey, Socialist candidate for governor of Massachusetts, has challenged Governor Guild and John B. Moran to a public debate on the following question:

Resolved. That the Socialist party in its platform sets forth the only true principles upon which the working class can obtain the product of their labor, or permanently insure a proper standard of living.

Stray Bullet: Killed Farmer

Smyrna Falls, Me., Oct. 19.—Edward Vickerson, a farmer, aged 63 years, was killed while standing in his own kitchen from a rifle bullet fired through a window, presumably by a hunter.

Vickerson leaves a widow and six children.

Boston Has 112,505 Voters

Boston, Oct. 18.—Registration for the state election closed in this city last evening, and the total reached 112,505, which is 6,741 greater than last year.

The registration was the heaviest in those wards which usually go Republican.

Mormon President's Great Power

Salt Lake, Oct. 17.—President Smith of the Mormon church cannot be enjoined from using funds of the church in commercial enterprises, nor can he be compelled to render an accounting of the tithe fund in his care as trustee of the church. Decision to this effect was rendered by Judge Morse.

FOURTEEN LIVES LOST

French Submarine Disappears While Being Tested

Biserte Tunnels, Oct. 17.—The French submarine boat Latini, while engaged in plunging experiments in the bay, failed to reappear after one of her plunges, and is now lying on the bottom in 130 feet of water. Her crew of 14 men undoubtedly suffered a horrible death such as overtook the crew of the *Farfadet* last year.

Soon after it was seen that the submarine had disappeared for good the accompanying tug, aided by torpedo boats, began to drag in the vicinity, and one boat reported having encountered an obstacle at a depth of 130 feet. Soon afterward, however, the sea became so rough that salvage operations had to be suspended, and this ended all hope for the imprisoned crew, who undoubtedly became suffocated in the course of a few hours.

Temperance Women Busy

Boston, Oct. 16.—Much business was cleared up at the first day's formal sessions of the triennial convention of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union in this city. The welcome of state and city was extended by Governor Guild and Mayor Fitzgerald. Reports of officers and of the executive committees were presented and the remainder of the day was given over largely to the presentation of greetings from other organizations and to the introduction of the leading representatives of many countries at the convention. Late in the afternoon the governor tendered the delegates a reception and the mayor tendered them a tea. Last evening there was a public meeting in Tremont temple.

Wads Removed From Body

Newburyport, Mass., Oct. 17.—Dr. Mixter, by an operation on Adam Rausch, the deputy game warden, who was shot while attempting to arrest Patrick Cahill in Rowley, has successfully removed two of the wads which were blown into the warden's body. No shot have been removed as yet. No other was administered, and Rausch stood the operation wonderfully well. His condition is much improved, and there is now some hope for his recovery, unless septic poisoning sets in.

Death of Sam Jones

Little Rock, Oct. 16.—Rev. Sam P. Jones, the evangelist, died of heart failure in a sleeping car near Perry, Ark. He had been conducting a successful revival at Oklahoma City, I. T., and was on his way to his home in Cartersville, Ga., to attend a family reunion today, it being the 50th anniversary of his birth. Mrs. Jones and his two daughters were with him when he died.

Death of "Widow of Confederacy"

New York, Oct. 17.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the president of the Confederacy, who had been ill for a week at the Hotel Majestic in this city, died last night. Death was due to pneumonia, induced by a severe cold. At the bedside when death came were Mrs. J. A. Hayes, the only surviving daughter of Mrs. Davis, and other relatives. Mrs. Davis was 80 years old.

Trial Ended by Insanity Decision

Montpelier, Vt., Oct. 18.—Roy Mullen, charged with killing Fred Butchelder, was found not guilty by reason of insanity by the jury sitting upon the case. The government had contended that Butchelder, who was a fellow-bother of Mullen, died as a result of eating sandwiches containing arsenic poison, and alleged that the food had been given to him by Mullen.

Shortage in St. Louis Sub-Treasury

St. Louis, Oct. 19.—Chief Wille of the United States secret service has taken charge of the investigation into the alleged shortage of \$61,200 in the funds of the St. Louis sub-treasury. It will take two weeks to count the funds in the sub-treasury and not until then will it be ascertained whether a clerical error has been made or whether there is an actual shortage.

Maine's Men Break Gunnery Records

New York, Oct. 19.—The battleship Maine has reached port from the Massachusetts coast, where she engaged in target practice, breaking all gunnery records. It is said 20 out of a possible 20 hits were made in firing a port broadside of six-inch guns at a target two miles distant. The target was 60x30 feet and was knocked down. It is stated, by the 30th shot.

Moving Toward Home Rule

Liverpool, Oct. 19.—In an address delivered last night, Mr. Cherry, attorney general for Ireland, announced that the government would introduce a measure for the establishment of an even more extended system of constitutional government for Ireland, thus giving the Irishmen a greater degree of management of their own affairs.

Body Nearly Cut in Two

Bryant's Pond, Me., Oct. 18.—George Ruff, 19 years of age, while visiting the Andrews sawmill here, fell upon a revolving circular saw and was instantly killed. His body was nearly cut in two. Ruff was a clerk at the Bryant's Pond hotel.

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TO FILL OLD ORDERS

Columbia Company in Possession of the Eastman Quarry

Rutland, Vt., Oct. 19.—After spending Wednesday night and part of yesterday in guarding the Eastman marble quarry at West Rutland from the approach of representatives of the receivers of the Columbian Quarry company, the armed employees of the Eastman company were relieved from duty late yesterday, and the victory in the controversy rested with the receivers of the Columbian company. During the day the receivers obtained from Judge Miles of the supreme court at Montpelier injunctions restraining both John E. Eastman and his son, George P. Eastman, from opposing the operation of the Eastman plant by the receivers, and when the papers in this proceeding were served the Eastmans capitulated and their armed guard was withdrawn.

The injunction makes it possible for the Columbian Quarry company receivers to operate the plant of the Eastman Quarry company long enough to fill orders for which the Eastman company contracted, before the failure of the Columbian company to furnish material. The employees of the Eastman company are to be hired to work for the receivers of the other concern at the same wages they now receive until the contracts are filled.

Doctor Charged With Manslaughter

Providence, Oct. 19.—The victim of criminal surgery, barely able to reach her home on street car, accompanied by her lover, Agnes Harrison, 27, died after lingering in great agony for two weeks. Before her death she is alleged to have confessed what it was that performed the operation, and the police have been looking for the man ever since. Detective Harlan yesterday arrested Dr. William H. Travers, one of the oldest physicians in the city, on the charge of performing an illegal operation and manslaughter. The accused man was locked up.

Overturned Auto Kills a Woman

Waltham, Mass., Oct. 19.—The overturning of an automobile at the foot of a long hill between Wayland and Sudbury. Mrs. Fred N. Dillon of Fitchburg was crushed to death beneath it and Mrs. George P. Grant, Jr., also of Fitchburg, suffered a fracture of two ribs and other injuries. George P. Grant, Jr., who was the only other occupant of the automobile, and who was operating it, escaped practically unharmed, although he was pinned, with the others, beneath the overturned machine.

Violation of Labor Law

Boston, Oct. 19.—A jury in the United States district court returned a verdict of guilty on two counts against William H. Ellis, the government contractor, for violation of the national eight-hour labor law during the progress of the work at the Charlestown navy yard pier. The court granted counsel for Ellis 20 days, with the privilege of an extension of this time, to file exceptions in the case.

To Inspect Chinese Missions

Boston, Oct. 19.—The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in response to reiterated calls from its missions, has decided to send a delegation to the Chinese empire during the coming year. It is eight years since the last delegation from the board went to China, and the vast changes which have taken place since that time make another inspection of the missions desirable.

"Columbus Day" was observed by the Knights of Columbus of Massachusetts with a vesper service at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. The musical program was a special feature.

RUNNING SORES COVERED LIMBS

Little Girl's Obstinate Case of Eczema—Instantaneous Relief By Cuticura—Little Boy's Hands and Arms Also Were a Mass of Torturing Sores—Grateful Mother Says:

"CUTICURA REMEDIES A HOUSEHOLD STANDBY"

In reply to your letter I write you my experience, and you are privileged to use it as you see fit. Last year, after having my little girl treated by a very prominent physician for an obstinate case of eczema, I resorted to the Cuticura Remedies, and was so well pleased with the almost instantaneous relief afforded that we discarded the physician's prescription and relied entirely on the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. When we commenced with the Cuticura Remedies her feet and limbs were covered with running sores. In about six weeks we had her completely well, and there has been no recurrence of the trouble.

"In July of this year a little boy in our family poisoned his hands and arms with poison oak, and in twenty-four hours his hands and arms were a mass of torturing sores. We used only the Cuticura Remedies, washing his hands and arms with the Cuticura Soap, and anointed them with the Cuticura Ointment, and then gave him the Cuticura Resolvent. In about three weeks his hands and arms healed up; so we have lots of cause for feeling grateful for the Cuticura Remedies. We find that the Cuticura Remedies are a valuable household standby, living as we do twenty miles from a doctor, and where it costs from twenty to twenty-five dollars to

GOLF and GUILE

By Margaret Muzzey

Philip Prentiss was looking for a place where he could spend his two weeks' vacation playing golf. As he stopped on the train he tried to recall exactly what pretty Sallie Norton had told him at a dance the night before.

She said there were several attractive resorts along the river and one where a lot of professional men and women went every summer. Unfortunately the two-step had struck up at that moment, and she had omitted to mention its name.

"Golf links here?" Philip asked the conductor as the train slowed down at a little station.

"Yes, sir; fleet in the country. Rockdale, Rockdale! Don't forget your packages!"

An unfortunate commuter who bounded off at the same time told Philip that the pretty little house he saw on the hill was the Rockdale Golf club, so he made his way across the fields to inspect it. The fresh breeze fanned his cheek, the blue river looked cool and refreshing in the distance, and he hoped this was the place Sallie had referred to. If, with its natural charm, it combined the advantage of making acquaintances desirable for a young man eager to advance in the legal profession nothing was left to be wished for. He felt inclined to join the commuter and ask a few more questions, only could not, in decency, without offering to carry some of his bundles and hated to make a first appearance in a new place bearing a bright blue box of laundered shirts or a large gilt bird cage.

He interviewed the club instructor, who was leaning dejectedly against a pillar of the piazza. After inquiring the requisites for eligibility Philip said:

"You give lessons, I suppose?"

"I can't collect anything. Amounts to give 'em, don't it?"

"How many members?" Philip asked.

"Half an almshouse, a third of an old ladies' home, a quarter of a state hospital—there's that many and that kind of folks."

The man had been drinking. Philip thought, as he strolled down the hill toward a boarding house not far away in search of luncheon.

Philip was seated at a small table opposite a grumpy old man dressed in a dirty dandit shirt. Among the other "guests" was an elderly woman wearing a very short skirt and spectacles, who hurried into the room followed by a fat man, who was muttering imprecations on things in general and golf in particular.

Philip's table companion chuckled maliciously.

"Must be pleasant for a man and his wife to occupy a ten by ten room all summer and not be on speaking terms. She won a cup because her handicap was bigger than his, and he won't forgive her."

"The whole atmosphere appears sunburnt," Philip remarked.

"Are you a golfer?" asked the old man.

"Trying to be," said Philip.

"Married?"

"No."

"It is a great game for the single blessed, but every family should be without it. There is no blood or marital relationship that can mitigate its concentrated bitterness. A woman who has given up her life has been to inspire him with absolute confidence."

"But don't you see, I couldn't tell Sam the man's name? I didn't know it myself till tonight."

"Upon my word, I forgot that!" exclaimed the judge immensely relieved.

"How about my marrying Sallie? You said you would give anything to prevent Sam knowing you cheated at golf."

The judge winced.

"We're all human, remember. I might be tempted to tell him the man's name yet."

"No, no—not on any account! I'll gladly give you Sallie!"

"To have and to hold—my tongue—from this day forward," interrupted Philip, laughing.

The Danger of White Lead.

Probably lead working and particularly the manufacture of white lead is the most dangerous calling. In this industry it is inevitable that sooner or later the workers must succumb to lead poisoning, and there would appear to be no part of the body that the poisonous fumes and floating particles which permeate the atmosphere of the workshops do not affect. The complexion takes on a ghastly corpse-like pallor, the gums turn blue, the teeth decay rapidly and fall out, the eyelids are hideously inflamed. A scratch or an abrasion of the skin becomes an unbearable sore. Later on, when nerves and muscles become affected by the poison in the blood, the eyeballs are drawn into oblique positions and take on a dim and bleared appearance. The joints, especially the knee and the wrist, become semiparalyzed, and the whole form is gradually bent and contorted.

Necessary.

First Lieutenant—I congratulate you, old chap. You fiancee is charming.

Second Lieutenant—Rather. I have already begun a course of pistol practice.—Meggendorfer Blitzer.

A Compromise.

Wife—I want a hundred dollars for a new dress. Husband—And I want fifty for a new suit of clothes. It's up to us to compromise and wear what we've got.—Chicago Record.

The Limit.

"Do you make plain cake, Della?"

"Yes, I make it that plain that you couldn't tell it from bread."—Smart Set.

He Tackles the Cache.

To seize girls' hearts to aache
He tugs at his mustache
And googoo eyes doth make—
The man who's on the mache.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Edinburgh.

Possibly no other city in the world has two such opposite nicknames as Edinburgh. By some it is called the Modern Athens, by others Auld Reekie.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

The Credibility of Men and the Gospel of the Parasites.

The credulity of a multitude of more or less thrifty people, who, in their mania for money, are ready to believe that they can amass fortunes overnight, makes them the easy prey of a swarm of parasites who infest the financial districts. The gospel of the parasites who build air castles for their victims and real castles for themselves is this:

"A fool is born every minute."

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

Posing as bankers and brokers, the financial parasites scour the country for the fools and then exercise their nimble wits in devising schemes to accomplish the partition. How many millions of dollars are parted from the fools every year may be conjectured from the millions of dollars spent by the pseudo-financiers in advertising. The bulk of the financial advertising in the leading newspapers of the country is intended for the fools. Another index of the richness of the harvest of parting money from the fools is the occasional exposure of some particularly glaring and bungled imposture, when the calculable "swag" runs into the hundreds of thousands, if not into millions. But these frauds are seldom exposed, for the victims are usually as anxious as the victimizers to escape the limelight of publicity. Most men prefer to lose their money rather than hear their neighbors quote from the parasites' gospel. "A fool and his money are soon parted."—Success.

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

The Great Poet Himself Spelled It in Different Ways.

Our great poet Shakespeare spelled his surname in two ways—viz., "Shakspeare" and "Shakespeare" in writing the three signatures to his will, now at Somersett House. Besides these three there are two other authentic signatures, of which the first, in the conveyance of his Blackfriars property, is written "Shakspeare," and the second, in the mortgage deed relating to the same property, has been interpreted both as "Shakspeare" and "Shakespeare." "Shakspeare" is the spelling of the alleged autograph in the British museum copy of Florio's "Montaigne," but the authenticity of the signature is considered doubtful. The name of the poet's father occurs sixty-six times in the council books of Stratford and is spelled in sixteen ways, the commonest form being "Shaxpere." Almost all references to the poet in the seventeenth century give the form "Shakespeare," which is used also on the grant of arms in 1596, in the license to the players of 1603 and in the text of all the legal documents relating to the poet's property. That the poet sanctioned this spelling is clear from its adoption in the "Venus and Adonis" of 1593 and the "Lucrece" of 1594, which were produced under his supervision.—London Standard.

THE SPANISH WOMAN.

She Is Beautiful, Proud, Simple and Radiantly Feminine.

What women are more adorable, so proud, so simple, so radiantly feminine? As a type, the Spanish woman of the south is unique. She is small and slender, exquisitely proportioned, with tiny but beautifully shaped hands and feet. Her head, poised proudly on a torso of classical symmetry, is small, and her hair is black and crisp, of the bluish tint peculiar to the raven. Her face is oval, such as Ruskin admired, finely chiseled, frank and childlike; her lips full, red and pouting; her nose slightly aquiline with nervous, quivering nostrils. Her eyes, almond shaped, dark, lustrous, pensive and passionate, now flash open like globes of fire, now dreamily close as if in sadness. In her white lace shawl and the flowers of Spain in her hair she is quite irresistible, yet no prouder creature exists, nor less coquettish a nature. Her love consumes her, and she would no more smoke a cigarette than she would play hockey or golf. She is simple as a bird, wayward and capious as a child; sincere, for she does not know what it is to be insincere. When she loves she will die for you, but when she hates she will slay you with a glance as keen as any dagger.—New York Mail.

DISCOURTESY.

If we inquire closely into the complaints of modern deterioration of manners in the lower classes we should find that the real sting does not lie in actual rudeness, but in the shock of receiving courtesy when respect was demanded. The complainants feel in their modest degree very much like Henry LIX. of Hochneuselschloss-Fichtenwald, when the American student on being presented said genially, "Pleased to make your acquaintance."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance."

"To have and to hold—my tongue—from this day forward," interrupted Philip, laughing.

A Fine Distinction.

"Is her husband a medical man?"

"No, I think he's just a specialist or something."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Wish.

Sons of millions remind us

We might tackle one, perchance,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the young man's pants.

—Judge.

Good, Indeed.

Reddy—Do you think he's a good loser?

Greene—He must be. I never heard him swear.—Yonkers Statesman.

An Exception.

Howell—I was pretty hungry.

Powell—So was I. What I ate cost

me as much as the tip to the waiter.—Judge.

Same People.

"Hallow, Bilkis! Who are you work-

ing for now?"

"Same people—a wife and five chil-

dran."

Same Old Bills.

Though chilling blasts are long will blow,

We may not pause to smile or scoff.

The cold man will begin, we know,

Just where the teeman's leavening on.

—Washington Star.

Behind His Back.

Bacon—Did you call me a liar?

Egbert—Not so you could notice it.—

Yonkers Statesman.

How He Won Her.

He told the maiden a story—

The old, old story, 'tis true—

Yet she didn't say "Cheatnut!"

For to her the story was new.—Detroit Tribune.

Preferable.

Though poverty is nothing base,

I'd rather, I'm afraid,

Be guilty of the deep disgrace

Of riches made in trade.—Philadelphia Press.

Maud—Jack is a perfect bear.

Flora—How nice!—Pick-Me-Up.

Right Through.

Fred—Miss Plumpleigh is a peach, isn't she?

Joe (who has loved and lost)—Yes; even to the stony heart.—Puck.

A Question.

If a saint were sick and weary—

In fact, were very ill—

Would his nimbus by his sickness

become an inheritance?—Lippincott's Magazine.

Maud—Jack is a perfect bear.

Flora—How nice!—Pick-Me-Up.

Robert—Pudding or cheese, sir?

Abstracted editor—Owing to pressure

of other matter, regret we are unable to

find room for it.—Butterly.

SIRES AND SONS.

William Lobe, Jr., secretary to the president, pronounces his name as if it were spelled "Lobe." The o is long.

Sigur Caruso, the Italian tenor, is reported to have won \$10,000 in six nights' play at Ostend and then to have lost it all in one sitting.

Nikola Tesla, the inventor whose electrical apparatus is used in the transmission of power from Niagara falls, is a strikingly handsome man of forty-five—tall, dark and typically Greek in features.

Hubert C. Chatfield Taylor, once one of the best known whips in the west cannot be persuaded nowadays to even look at a four-in-hand coach. He says he is through with all that sort of "youthfulness."

Colonel Culver C. Sniffen, who has just been appointed paymaster general, is a native of New York and one of the most popular men in the army. He served in Cuba during the Spanish war and for several years was stationed at Washington.

Victorine Fairbanks has a remarkable memory for faces and never forgets any man whom he has ever met. This happy family, which only one statesman in many possesses, has always been a well known characteristic of the Indiana man.

General Luis Terrazas, whose wealth is by Mexicans asserted to be \$200,000,000, celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth at his home in Chihuahua, Mexico, a few days ago. Terrazas is said to be the largest individual landowner in the world, his estates in western Mexico covering more than 15,000,000 acres.

Ambassador Held is gaining a reputation for lavish entertainments in London, Consul General Wynne having said of him: "It was difficult thing for any man to go to London as ambassador after Choate, but Held has gone in for entertaining in such grand style as to captivate London. No ambassador has spent so much money as Held."

Frederick Braun, the world's authority on crinoids, has been working for several months near Crawfordsville, Ind., finding some rare specimens. Crinoids, or sea lilies, are the remains of prehistoric animals, and to produce them requires thousands of years and a complete change in the earth's topography. He has the finest collection in the world at his Brooklyn home.

LAW POINTS.

Officers who, after arresting a person, forcibly search him and take from him valuables with the intention of keeping them are held, in *Tones versus State* (Tex. Crim. App.), 2 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1024, to be guilty of robbery.

Error in refusing a request

San Francisco Today.

[Boston Transcript.]

San Francisco, Sept. 28.

One of the world's great cities is San Francisco. Cities have covered them, but never before under modern conditions. A city ruined by earthquake and fire in the old days meant that the time of recovery would equal the age of the city up to the hour of its destruction. In this age, the very evidences of destruction are turned into agencies of repair and improvement. Fire has rarely failed to bring about better conditions in a city, and San Francisco is no exception to the rule. It is not the improvement of the city that will make men marvel, however, as much as the rapidity with which the work will be accomplished.

The earthquake of April 18 caused a few million dollars' damage—possibly \$10,000,000 would cover that loss. The fire, which had full play after the quake had broken the water mains, burned over 514 squares, or 2560 acres, or four square miles, the total loss being estimated at \$50,000,000. On this property there was insurance amounting to about \$15,000,000. Of this insurance about \$10,000,000 had been paid in cash to policyholders up to Sept. 15.

FUGITIVES HAVE RETURNED

The fire as everybody knows, destroyed the business district of San Francisco, but left the shipping and residence districts intact. Commerce continued without interruption, except such incidental disturbances as the location of new storage places and the accumulation of freight. Thousands of people left the city immediately after the disaster, but such competent authorities as Mr. Charles S. Fee, passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific, estimate that 98 per cent of these refugees have returned. Their homes being intact, they find that San Francisco is the place for them, after all, and they are turning in to rebuild the city, either with their capital or their labor.

When the fire died down on April 21, the people of San Francisco were confronted with mighty problems, some of them demanding instant solution. One was clearing the streets in order that communication might be restored. Thirty-six miles of streets were piled high with debris. Within five months this enormous mass of material has been removed, trolley wires have been strung, street car traffic re-established, and a system of debris removal inaugurated which disposes of 100 carloads a day. If more labor were to be had the work would go much faster.

Admission day was celebrated this year on Monday, Sept. 10. I saw the city on that day for the first time since the disaster. The scene was appalling. With the exception of a worker here and there, the destroyed district was destitute of laboring men. Ruins, ruins in every direction, as far as the eye could see; millions of tons of bricks and mortar piled up in half-destroyed basements; a strong breeze blowing dust and ashes everywhere; writhing steel beams and crumbling granite marking the sites of once imposing buildings, and the very thought of bringing order out of chaos sufficient to stagger the imagination.

THOUSANDS AT WORK ON THE RUINS

On the next day a far different picture was presented. In every basement was a gang of workmen. They struggled with girders, piled brick, sifted good material from refuse, hand-led pick and shovel, mixed mortar and loaded wagons with debris. Thousands of busy hands were to be seen down every street. Thousands of teams went about on the simultaneous task of removal and reconstruction. From half-finished steel buildings were seen donkey engines in full blast, drawing up loads of steel, stone and brick. On sites already cleared carpenters and masons were at work by the thousands, rushing up temporary frame buildings. Over 6000 frame buildings have been erected since the fire, almost entirely for business purposes.

To one familiar with the crowds that made Market street and the ferries famous, there does not appear to be any diminution of population. The car system is wholly inadequate, although herculean efforts have been made to establish communication. The ferries are as crowded as ever. Theatres are filled to suffocation. The St. Francis Hotel put up a temporary structure in Union square, and it is turning away a hundred guests daily. Other hotels are filled and turning people away. It requires only a visit to San Francisco to disprove the report that the city has lost half its population.

VAN NESS AVENUE FAVERED

Anomalous conditions resulted from the haste of merchants to get into business. Van Ness avenue was seized upon, partly because it was a wide, paved thoroughfare, and partly because it was the street nearest to the burned district which had been left intact on one side.

The residence on the west side of the avenue were transformed into business houses with incredible swiftness, and the burned line along eastern side was covered with frame buildings. The street is now lined from one end to the other with retail shops, some of them bearing the names of rich and long-established firms. Plate glass is used prodigally, and the avenue is brilliant with electric signs. One may procure along Van Ness avenue the richest fabrics and costliest jewelry, as well as anything else procurable in any city. With flags flying and gilt signs glittering in the sun, this long and wide thoroughfare has become the business centre, and is continually crowded.

Judging by the experience of other cities, it seems probable that Van Ness avenue will remain the centre of the shopping district. It took an earthquake to shift the crowds from Kearny to Van Ness, and perhaps nothing short of an earthquake can shift them back again. One or two big firms, seeing this, have let contracts for the erection of permanent contract buildings on Van Ness avenue, and others are likely to follow. Rents are enormously high, and property owners along the street are getting more for ground rent now than they obtained for buildings before the disaster.

The quake shook the life out of some old firms and hastened the birth of many new ones. Dozens of stores bear the names of men who were clerks before April 18. Merchants from other cities have stepped in and established houses here. Competition is keen, and money appears to be more plentiful than for many years.

The financial soundness of San Francisco has been demonstrated in various ways. The bank clearings are much larger than before the fire. Some of the new money comes from insurance companies, of course, but not all of it. The business of the bank is greater than ever. In some of them with-drawals exceed deposits, but the money

withdrawn is going into reconstruction. Other banks are piling up deposits. The other day a little flurry was caused by an attempted run on the Hibernian Bank, one of the largest institutions in the country. It was a grotesque failure as a bank run. The bank has 80,000 accounts, receiving no deposits exceeding \$8,000. It is reckoned as solid as the Treasury. A few frightened women formed a line, obtained their money, and then returned and deposited it. With this exception, public confidence in the banks has been "two-line."

The scarcity of skilled and unskilled labor is the chief drawback to rapid construction. Wages are exorbitantly high; but this is the fault of contractors and proprietors rather than of the labor unions. The plumbers and stationary engineer thought they saw a chance to get rich quick and raised their scale, but were not sustained by the labor council, which is an amalgamation of all the unions, and the old wages were restored. But the owners of buildings which were nearing completion at the time of the disaster are feverish in their anxiety to complete their buildings and obtain fairing rents, and their tactics in raising the wages of working men have caused labor prices to soar. On this emergency work plasterers are getting \$9 to \$11 a day; bricklayers, \$10 a day; carpenters, \$7 and \$8; stone masons, \$8 to \$10, and other skilled labor in proportion. San Francisco is a paradise for a working-man.

Unskilled labor is hard to find. The city needs 20,000 skilled men and could employ 30,000 unskilled laborers. Some of the shrewder unskilled men have clubbed together and formed little companies of their own. They take a contract to remove debris for a price, and perform the work during the noon hour and in the night. As unskilled labor is getting \$4 a day, these willing workers who put in extra time are getting more money than they ever saw before. In much of the burned district work is carried on by electric light.

There is some complaint that the construction of big steel and concrete buildings is not rapid. It is true that few such buildings have been started since the earthquake. But there are excellent reasons for it. Only five months have elapsed. The ashes were hot for weeks after the fire. The insurance companies, fearing bankruptcy, forbade the removal of debris on the ground that the salvage question must be settled first. Some of the intending builders may have decided to wait until the emergency prices paid by other proprietors and contractors had been reduced. The chief explanation however, is the simple fact that five months is a short time in which a firm can recognize its plans, remove debris, plan a new building, make its financial arrangements, and begin construction. On the whole, the progress that has been made is nothing short of marvelous.

NO DOUBT OF THE FUTURE

Will San Francisco ever be rebuilt? is the question asked by people in the East. The answer is that San Francisco is now being rebuilt. It is not a question of the distant future. The process is visible to the naked eye.

Every steel building that was under construction at the disaster is being rushed to completion. Other buildings have been contracted for, and with the removal of debris and the arrival of materials the work will proceed.

Nothing could be more absurd than to doubt the recovery of San Francisco from its great misfortune, in the face of the work that is actually in progress.

The contract for the reconstruction of the Palace Hotel on its old site, on a grander scale than ever, has been let.

The St. Francis is now completing its great steel annex. Business houses are arranging to build newer and stronger structures than those which succumbed to the configuration of April 18-19. The city will not be rebuilt in a day, or a year, but it will go up with remarkable quickness.

A WEAK CITY GOVERNMENT.

The municipality is not governed as it should be. There is laxity of management, and constable charges of graft. The city hall lies just as it emerged from the disaster, without a girder removed or a brick piled up. The sidewalks throughout the burned district are not cleared, although the city government has ample power to force reconstruction. The streets are unswept and unsprinkled. Instead of leading in the rehabilitation work, city officials are wrangling over spoils, putting up political jobs, and generally proving their incompetence and unfitness.

Although Mayor Schmitz proved equal to the emergency of the earthquake and fire, he does not rise to the occasion to these days of reconstruction.

Private enterprise is immeasurably ahead of municipal action.

THE TALK OF A CITY BEAUTIFUL.

There has been much talk of a "city beautiful," with winding avenues about the hill, broad boulevards, park extensions, and so on. It was thought that with the buildings leveled to the ground, the opportunity was open for the construction of a model modern city, uniting utility and beauty to a degree never yet approached in America. A little study of the situation shows that this is nothing but a dream. San Francisco people have enough on their hands in the way of getting into business again, in any shape, without tackling the great task of forming a city on aesthetic lines. Here and there a street may be widened, and a little park established, but in the main there will be no attempt to reform the plan upon which the city was built.

If it was difficult before the fire to obtain united action toward civic betterment, it is doubly difficult now, when every man must look out for himself. The incompetence of the city authorities is another reason why the city will not be remodelled. Public confidence in the Government is shattered, and few of the really influential men would be willing to cooperate with the municipality in planning extensive expenditures. They want to see something done right now, and they reason that if the city officials cannot sweep the streets and clear the sidewalks, they are not the men to attack the problem of building a city beautiful.

The American Civil War will be treated in The Century during 1867 in three short serials. Ellis Paxson Oberholzer, Ph. D., author of "Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier," etc., will tell "How the Civil War Was Financed"; General O. O. Howard, the only surviving commander of a separate army during the Civil War, has written for The Century his personal recollections of some of the leading men of those days; and there will be an account of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" by an operator in the War Department telegraph office where Lincoln spent many hours daily during the anxious hours of the Civil War.

It was at a class in arithmetic that the following household problem was exactly solved: "Suppose that in a family of five there were only four potatoes for dinner, and the mother wants to give each of the children an equal share—how is she going to do it?" For a few minutes there was silence in the room while everybody calculated hard. Finally one of the little boys rose to his feet and after attracting the attention of the schoolmaster, gave this unexpected answer: "Mashed the potatoes, sir!"—Montgomery Herald.

The wife in the middle of the night was awakened by the loud snore of her husband. She endured the horrible racket as long as she could. Then pinching the man sharply, she said:

"Herbert, you'd make less noise if you kept your mouth shut."

Herbert, sleepy and surly, muttered:

"So would you."

brile. Temporary tracks were laid and rehabilitation was immediately initiated. Merchants ordered big stocks of goods from the East, and the railroads rushed the stuff to San Francisco. There was a time, indeed, when the stuff piled up to such an extent as to paralyze the operation of the roads. Five thousand cars of freight were congested at San Francisco and Oakland. By heroic efforts the hindered freight was disposed of and a serious situation relieved. Now that the railroads are able to look after their own business, they are expending great sums in permanent improvements, which will facilitate the reconstruction of the city.

PUBLISHING THE BASICALLY INSURANCE COMPANIES.

The insurance situation at San Francisco is exacerbating to those who happened to have policies in shaky or dishonest companies, but on the whole the losses of these companies have not affected the city as seriously as early reports indicated. Nearly one half of all losses has been paid. Considering the fact that insurance records, as well as everything else, went up in smoke, this is a fairly good showing for five months.

Payments are being made through the banks at the rate of nearly \$1,000,000 a day. The money goes into immediate circulation for the most part, and the resulting activity overshadows the fact that hundreds of other policyholders are waiting for a settlement.

The people of San Francisco, personally and through their commercial organizations, are watching the insurance companies with a jealous eye. Companies that came to the front with money are reaping a harvest of new business, while those which fought for time or actually repudiated their obligations in whole or in part will be made to smart for it.

The Chamber of Commerce is making up a list of honest and dishonest companies. The California delegation in Congress will have something to say on the subject next winter. The names of defaulting companies are to be sent broadcast through the world, and the opinion is universal in San Francisco that in the long run the defaulting companies will discover that they played a losing game when they defrauded policy-holders of their rights.

Insurance litigation promises to become great. Policyholders who have money enough to litigate are not slow in invoking the aid of the courts. One or two important cases already have been decided, but the crucial question is yet to be passed upon. The question is as to the part played by the earthquake in causing fire losses. Policies are variously worded, but in the main they provide that payments shall not be made if the loss is caused "directly or indirectly" by earthquake or other act of God. Of course, if there had been no earthquake there would have been no fire, but the man whose house was consumed three days after the quake does not think the direct cause is quite close enough to the effect to justify the insurance companies in repudiating all liability.

STILL GOOD-HUMORED

During the disaster the good humor and self-possession of San Franciscans astonished the world. Now, in the long tug of disposing of the ashes and rebuilding the city, this good humor never deserts them, and they are as confident as though they were beginning a city for the first time. There is inspiration in numbers, comfort in common trouble, and a spirit of brotherhood that has not deserted them, although it is not marked as it was during times of danger. The love of good cheer in the way of eating, drinking and listening to music is as strong as ever. The climate is a continual tonic, and invites to hard work. The very size of their disaster seems to nerve the San Franciscans to hasten the reconstruction of the new city.

They come very near to boasting when they show their ruins, and some of them display a remarkably fresh memory of history by comparing their disaster with the fate of other cities that have perished by earthquake and fire, and risen again. According to these men, who cite history while making it, the only big fire that exceeded San Francisco was that which consumed Rome, in Nero's time. The great fires of Loudon, Boston, Chicago and Baltimore were mere hints of what real destruction can do. So say these duty, willing, tireless San Franciscans, who revel in the advertising that their city has obtained. Their belief in the speedy reconstruction of the city is absolute.

THE CENTURY IN 1907.

The Century promises at least seventy-five short stories throughout the coming year, besides the three serials by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Elizabeth Robins, and A. E. W. Mason. Among the noted writers who will contribute stories and novelties to The Century during 1867 are Harry Stileman, author of "Two Runways and Other Stories"; Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith"; Norman Duncan, author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador"; Harvey J. O'Higgins, author of "Don-a-Dream"; Irving Bacheller, author of "Eben Holden"; Elizabeth Jordan, author of "May Iversen, Her Book"; and Anne Warner, author of "Seizing France with Uncle John."

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Good Advice.

"Don't be a pessimist. Believe in yourself and your country. We are entering upon an era of development and prosperity unparalleled in the history of the world. The young man who realises this fact is the young man who will succeed," says Henry H. Rogers.

"I have been hammered for years," says Mr. Rogers. "Every one takes a shot at Rogers at some time or other in his life. Of course I don't like it. The man doesn't live who does not covet the esteem of his neighbor. But what can I do? Nothing that I could say would stop the torrent of abuse, so I say nothing."

"This country is all right. There are a lot of fellows, scoundrels, incompetents, standing around the street corners, trying to fight nature. But they can't keep this country back."

"The resources of this great land have only been scratched. The next 50 years will see wonders in the way of development that even we do not dream of."

"The trusts, so-called, have barely touched the resources that lie waiting for some one to develop. Better chances forty years ago. Believe in yourself. Have something definite to do and do it. That's all there is to success in life."

"It is my belief that business in this country will always be conducted along co-operative lines. The old days of dog eat dog are over. But why should that cause uneasiness? Just look at this vast country; think of the millions upon millions of acres that lie idle and waste in the West. The mining resources of this country are at present the richest in the world, but men who know tell us that the future will develop mineral wealth that will make the present look small and pitiful. Don't let the 'trust' bugaboo scare you."

Asked why it was that men like himself, Mr. Rockefeller and other men of great wealth continued to take an active part in business when they might be passing their declining days in well-earned ease, Mr. Rogers said that such activity did not arise from desire for more money, or even from a love of the power which great wealth gives.

"I suppose it is because we old fellows can't get out," said Mr. Rogers. "We have had our noses to the grindstone so long that we would be lost if we had nothing to do. We work, I suppose, because we have been working so long that we don't know how to do anything else. I don't believe any of the men who are being branded on every side as brigands and horse thieves and what not, really care for the money, but they are simply in the same plight as the fellow who had hold of the grizzly bear by the tail—they can't let go."

Eating His Way.

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It made you acne all over to say your tables. And you couldn't remember.

Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back she had a glass jar of tiny colored candies. She was opening it, and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth.

"Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.

"Yes. Now make seven times five and four times the five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it."

"Oh!"

It was the most splendid way to learn your table. Freddie went to work with a will, and, when the teacher—that is, mamma—said "School's out," he had learned his five table. He didn't eat it till after school.

The next day they went back and reviewed the two tables, and the next day after the three, and the next day after that the four.

One day the next door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be given with ten. 2. The full name must be addressed to the editor. 3. The name of the writer must be given. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes and marked by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

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DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES
WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

He mentions wife Elizabeth (his first one, so he did not marry second Hannah Ellet, as sent me by a correspondent, but his descendant, Jedediah Allen did, he born 11 mo. 1780); also mentions children Ephraim (next born to Experience) who has son Joseph and daughter Diana; Ralph (md. Margaret Dunn in 1707); Henry (md. 1) 1702 Hannah (Corlies), md. (2) 1714 Abigail Adams); Jonathan (md. 1715 Mary Corlies); David (md. Hannah Chapman); Eliza (Elizab, living in 1702 in Burlington Co. near his brother-in-law Robert Field. In N. J. Archives Vol. 21, p. 77, this Elizab, or Eliza is given as Elizabeth); Nathan (md. first Margaret Burnet (Robert, a Proprietor of East Jersey, who calls this daughter in his will, made 1712, Meade Allen); Judah (md. Deborah Adams dau. of John); Esther Adams (md. James Adams); Mary Wells; Patience Tilton (md. 1705 Samuel Tilton, son of John and Rebecca Terry); Meribah Thorn (md. 1708 William Thorn of Nottingham, Burlington Co. says Friends records of Shrewsbury, at Shrewsbury Meeting House, second day of the week 12mo. 21 day. After bride and groom those who signed md. certificate of here and his family were: Jedediah, Nathan, Ralph, Henry, David, Jonathan, Margaret Allen, Margaret Allen, Susanna and Joseph Thorn, Thomas and Susanna Field, William Montgomery (Robert Burnett daughter Isabell md. a Montgomery, sister to Meade Allen); George Corlies, Remembrance, Richard and John Lippeincott).

Jedediah Allen mentions 230 acres in Pennsylvania, and 50 acres in Shrewsbury adjoining Thomas White, and 12 silver spoons; makes his wife executrix. Inventory taken Feb. 8, 1711 of the personal estate to the amount of 1454 pounds, including money due by his son Ralph, a silver tankard and other silver ware, books, a negro girl and a grindstone made by Thomas White and George Corlies, and sworn to by wife Elizabeth Allen executrix.

Benjamin Field who married Experience (Allen, dau. Jedediah) had the following brothers and sisters:

1. Robert Field of Newtown, L. I. who married Phoebe (Titus dau. of Edmund, whose mother became wife of Samuel Scudder), another account says, Robert married Mrs. Phoebe (Titus) Scudder.

Mrs. Bunker, in her L. I. Genia, says John (2) Scudder went to Maspeth in 1660 and md. Joanna Betts, and their son Samuel md. about 1680 Phoebe (Titus, dau. Edmund (2) Robert (1) Titus) Edmund md. Martha and had Samuel Titus who md. Elizabeth (Powell, dau. Thomas (1) Powell); Phoebe Titus who md. (1) Samuel Scudder (John), and md. (2) Robert Field, that seems correct; Martha Titus md. Ben. Seaman (Capt. John); Mary Titus md. William Wills; Hannah Titus md. Benj. Smith; Jane Titus md. James Denton; John Titus md. (1) Sarah Wills; md. (2) Mary, widow of John Smith; Peter Titus md. Martha Jackson (John); Silas Titus md. Sarah Height, dau. Sam'l; Patience Titus md. Nicholas Height, and their dau. Hannah md. Isaac Thorne; Temperance.

Edmund (2) Titus, came aged 5 years with his parents Robert (1) Titus and Hannah, in ship "Hopewell" with their son John (2) aged 7 years, in 1685.

Their other children Samuel born 1655, Susanna, Abigail, Content born at Weymouth, Mass. In 1644 Robert Titus with others settled at Seakunk L. I., and in 1653 Robert and son John settled at Oyster Bay, L. I. and in 1650 Edmund (2) Titus md. Martha (Washburn, dau. of William and Jane) and settled at Westbury, L. I.

The father of John (2) Scudder who md. Joanna Betts, dau. Richard, whose daughter Mary Betts md. Josephine Sweeny, and daughter Martha Betts md. Philip Ketchum, was Thomas (1) Scudder who came from Grotton, Eng. to Salem, Mass., with wife Elizabeth, he died there 1657, but in 1651 his children Elizabeth (2) Scudder, who md. Henry Bartholomew, and Thomas (2) Scudder; and Henry (2) Scudder who md. Catherine Estee dau. of Jeffreys, and John (John (2) Scudder all mentioned in will of their father, the sons went to Southold L. I., in 1651, but as Elizabeth lies buried in Charter St. burying ground Salem, Mass., she must have remained there with her mother.

2. Nathaniel Field md. Patience Bulk.

3. Elizabth Field md. Elizabeth, so named in will of her husband.

4. Ambrose Field whose brother Benjamin sold him 200 acres which his will be reserved. Why was not stated.

5. Susanna Field declared her intention to marry Peter Thorn, but did not but married Isaac Marriott, as Experience Field calls Isaac her brother-in-law, leaving a legacy to Joseph son of Susanna and Isaac, as aforesaid.

To know what the inducements were that caused those in England many of them living in luxury to come early to America when to a wilderness, ever presents itself to one at work on records, in the case of the Fields it may have been to take possession of the lands bequeathed them by William Penn, Governor of Pennsylvania to be trustee of Susanna and Isaac, as aforesaid.

The Citizens' Association of this town gave a very pleasing entertainment and supper Thursday night at Oakland Hall to their ladies and other guests to the number of about one hundred and fifty. After the supper dancing was enjoyed till a late hour. During the evening Ruggano, the celebrated illusionist, gave an interesting programme of magic and mystery, and performed some very pleasing tricks. Music for the dancing was furnished by Frank T. Peckham, cornet; William Spooner, violin, and John Mayer of Newport, accompanist. Great credit is due the entertainment committee for the success of the evening, which was a repetition of many pleasing occasions of this kind that this association has given and proposes to give during the winter.

Say, Halton, what is the name of that new poker club you are going to join?

"Why, 'The Office'."

"The Office? Isn't that a rather odd name?"

"Not at all. It is so very convenient to tell your wife you were detained at 'The Office'."

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William Penn Esq., so-called Chief Proprietary Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania and the territories thereunto belonging being of sound mind make and declare this to be my last will. My eldest son being well provided for by a settlement of his

mothers and my fathers estate I give and dispose of the rest of my estate in manner following:

(To be continued.)

QUERIES

6176. WALTER—Ancestry and descendants wanted of James Walter of Weston, Super Mare, near Bristol, England, afterwards a haberdasher in Providence, R. I., married to Mary Hahn in Providence or Pawtucket, and had children Samuel Walter and James Hahn Walter. Samuel had daughter who married Mr. Nicholson of Providence, R. I., and his line I am unable to trace. James Hahn Walter was born April 22, 1790, died May 15, 1868, on board the steamship Crescent City, from New York to New Orleans, and was buried at sea. James Hahn Walter was married Oct. 7, 1819, to Mary Cheetham b. Dec. 31, 1796, d. March 3, 1868.

Mary Cheetham was the daughter of James Cheetham and his wife Rachael Howarth. James Cheetham was born in Manchester, England, in 1772, came to New York in 1794, died Sept. 19, 1810, and is buried in Trinity Church Yard, New York City. The children of James Hahn Walter and his wife Mary Cheetham are as follows:

James Romney Walter, b. Jan. 21, 1821, m. Caroline Allison.

Mary Elizabeth Walter, b. Nov. 19, 1822, m. Joseph Bayley Jr.

William Henry Walter, b. July 1, 1825, d. April 19, 1892, m. Elizabeth W. Hahn.

The children of James Romney Walter and his wife Caroline Allison are Carrie and James Allison Walter, both living. The children of Mary Elizabeth Walter and her husband Joseph Bayley Jr., are Ann, infant died 1835, Joseph born Dec. 12, 1836, Sarah born Sept. 19, 1838 and William born Sept. 9, 1840. The last three named are now living. William Henry Walter, born at Newark, N. J., was married Oct. 16, 1850, at St. Paul's Church, New York, to his first wife, Elizabeth Woolley Hahn, born April 28, 1830, died Aug. 10, 1871, and she was the only daughter of George H. Hahn and his wife Ruthetta Clark.

The children of William Henry Walter and his wife Elizabeth Woolley Hahn are as follows:

George William Henry Walter, b. Dec. 16, 1851, living, m. Abby Kimball.

Elizabeth Woolley Walter, b. Feb. 13, 1854, living, m. Willard E. Barcus.

Edward Hodges Walter, b. Feb. 5, 1856, d. June 18, 1870.

Ruth Eliza Clark Walter, b. Oct. 21, 1857, d. Aug. 5, 1869.

Charles Frederick Walter, b. June 20, 1859, living, m. Little A. Hollis.

Mary Cheetham Walter, b. Mar. 26, 1863, living, m. Emil G. Schafer.

Henry Madison Walter, b. Mar. 17, 1866, living, m. Mary T. Christie.

William Henry Walter was married Dec. 23, 1874, to his second wife Sarah Elizabeth Thorne, born April 1, 1834, and she was only child of Joseph S. Thorne, born March 22, 1812, died 1848 and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Woolley. The only child of William Henry Walter, and his wife Sarah Elizabeth Thorne is Eugene Thorne Walter, born Oct. 3, 1879, and he is now living with his mother at Fardham, New York City. Mary Cheetham Walter was married Feb. 14, 1885, to Emil G. Schafer of Washington, D. C., and they have the following children: Emma Marie, born June 10, 1886, Minna Helene born Oct. 15, 1887, and Frieda born June 21, 1889, died Dec. 30, 1893.

Henry Madison Walter was married Oct. 8, 1892 at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Mary Thorne Christie, born Nov. 24, 1867, and she is the only child of Peter Harrison Christie, of Clove, Dutchess Co., N. Y., and his wife, Mary Fraunce McCord, daughter of Daniel McCord and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Thorne.

The children of Henry Madison Walter and his wife Mary T. Christie are as follows:

Frauds Woolley Walter, b. Dec. 15, 1895.

Henry Madison Walter, Jr., b. Jan. 18, 1903.

Merier Christie Walter, b. May 13, 1906.

Correspondence invited and references or suggestions for research will be received and appreciated.—H. M. W.

6176. CORNELL—Simon Pease of Newport, R. I., in will made Sept. 23, 1767, mentions daughter Ann Carpenter, grandson William Cornell and his two children, Martha and Samuel Cornell. This daughter, Ann Carpenter, to pay William Cornell 150 dollars. This Ann Carpenter it is supposed married first Charles Cornell. Wanted, ancestry of these Cornells.—J. C.

ANSWERS.

6167. PECKHAM—If S. G. T. will send his address to S. F. Peckham, Room 104, 280 Broadway, New York City, he can learn all about John Peckham, his two wives, his English ancestry, the arms of the family, etc.—S. F. P.

6188. MASON—Benjamin? (Samson?) Mason married Ruth Rounds, daughter of John Rounds of Swansea, Eng. to Salem, Mass., with wife Elizabeth, he died there 1657, but in 1651 his children Elizabeth (2) Scudder, who md. Henry Bartholomew, and Thomas (2) Scudder; and Henry (2) Scudder who md. Catherine Estee dau. of Jeffreys, and John (John (2) Scudder all mentioned in will of their father, the sons went to Southold L. I., in 1651, but as Elizabeth lies buried in Charter St. burying ground Salem, Mass., she must have remained there with her mother.

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5. Susanna Field declared her intention to marry Peter Thorn, but did not but married Isaac Marriott, as Experience Field calls Isaac her brother-in-law, leaving a legacy to Joseph son of Susanna and Isaac, as aforesaid.

To the editor of the Sunday Journal:

Allow me space in your valuable paper as a weather prophet. I wish to say that I foretell the weather by the moon and sun.

I foretell that we are going to have a very cold winter. The weather for Nov. 7 (election day) will be fair and cold. I also foresee that a big snow storm will occur in Rhode Island on Dec. 29, and will be followed by a bitter cold wave.

JUDAS, THE SEER.

It is a mighty poor seer who cannot see when election is coming. Nov. 7 is not election day. Our Judas seer had better see again, and see if he can see election day, and also see if he can find any Goddard men outside of the Democratic camp at the Providence Journal office.

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